Library of the
PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXII. JULY–AUGUST, 1913. NOS. 2–3

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.
MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.
Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NOS. 2–3.

MY FEAR 13
"TO KNOW GOD, OR BE KNOWN OF HIM" 14
THE STILL HOUR 16
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB 17
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:—
TWO PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN 19
NATURAL HISTORY:—
A MIDSUMMER STROLL 23
WILLIAM GREENLEAF ELIOT, VIII. 24
JOAN OF ARC 27
MACK, THE PARROT 31
RARITY OF HYDROPHOBIA 32
A GREEN MEMORY ABOUT A GREEN LEAF 32
THE SPARROW 33
THE EDITOR'S CORNER 33
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN 34
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE 36
IMPORTANT NOTICES 36

MY FEAR.

Beyond the boundaries of the grave send I
A single fear,—
One only for myself. Beneath God's eye
The eternal mountains rise in sunshine clear,
And through unwithering woodlands, far and near,
Float hymns of happy souls, like bird-songs high.

Somewhere in that large, beautiful Unknown,
My place will be;
And somewhere, clasped within its boundless zone,
O spirits I have clung to here, will ye
Fulfil your dreams of immortality?
My fear is, to be left of you alone.

I know not what awaits, of bliss or bale;
I only know
That of God's guardianship no soul can fail:
But, whether on dusk oceans drifted slow,
Or swift through populous, starry streets we go,
Welcome will be loved voices, calling, "Hail!"

We mortals veil such depths of loneliness
With outward calm,
And with the hope of heaven's complete redress
For earthly losses! Failing of that balm,
How can we have the heart for chant or psalm,
Or read our life as more than meaningless?

Yet noble work will there go nobly on;
For love and thought
Will find a grander scope when earth is gone:
Mine, haply, must in solitude be wrought,
Or with heaven's foreigners: I may be brought
Never to those I knew, time's road upon.

You, best belovèd, may new neighbors find,
Whose gifts will blend
With every upward reach of heart and mind:
Toiling among them for some glorious end,
Perhaps you wholly will forget the friend
You walked with, in green pastures left behind.

Shall we then grow more saintly, waxing cold
And deaf to all
The tenderness that breathing lips have told?
Doth not God speak in every human call?
Loss is it, from one trusted heart to fall,
Though shipwrecked among splendors manifold.

Still, in that ample realm none may intrude
On the domain
Of separate, inmost being: if he could,
We should wish back our mortal shells again,
For shelter and seclusion; should complain,
Might we not sometimes hide, even from the good.

And who the dearest of his friends would bind
Unto his side
In any world, without a willing mind?
Who needs me not, must not with me abide,
Howe'er my need may seem. Since God is guide,
Each pilgrim soul his lonely way shall find:

And in the untravelled wilderness shall bloom
Life's perfect rose.
A Heart divinely human through the gloom
Throbs like a guiding footstep,—warms and glows,
Until the dark with dayspring overflows,
And the bowed soul is crowned with blissful doom.

And so I drop at last my single fear;
In His sweet will
Hiding my own heart's dream, however dear:
All that concerneth me will He fulfil;
No drop of joy His steady hand can spill,
Nor do I wait for heaven, since heaven is here.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

"TO KNOW GOD, OR BE KNOWN OF HIM."

"Now that ye have come to know God, or rather to be known of God."—GAL. iv. 9. (Revised version.)

To know God is a great attainment and a profound experience. But to be known of God is more than this; it is a blessing; and to know that we are known of him is a well-spring of life in the soul.

It often happens that those on a lower plane know those who are higher up, but are not known by them. Boys in the lower class at school or college know those in the upper classes, but are unknown to them. How many of us are quite well acquainted with the distinguished authors and influential persons of our time? We read their books, are familiar with their way of thinking, have studied their characters. But we ourselves are often unknown to those in whom we take this interest. There are classes who unite to study Browning, and in this way are able to know him. They know him, but are not known of him. We read the life of Grant, and so learn to know him, while he knows nothing of us.

Some of the old religions took this view of their deities. The Greeks learned to know their gods, by the writings of Homer, Pindar, the Tragedians, and the great artists. They studied the face of the Olympian Jove in the statue of Phidias, and read in it the union of the majestic power and grand intelligence. They reverenced the divine purity of Diana, the wisdom of Pallas Athene, the splendor of genius in the far-darting Apollo. But their poets taught that these gods cared little for man or his puny affairs. Throned on Olympus, the Greek divinities passed their hours in careless ease, and had no providential oversight of things below. The Greeks knew their gods, but the gods did not know them.

The relation between the Jews and Jehovah was more intimate and reciprocal. God was their ruler, their judge, their protector: he rewarded their obedience, punished their disobedience. Still more intimate and friendly is this relation as we find it in the Psalms. The Psalmist not only knows God, but God knows him. "God knows our frame; he remembers that we are dust." "The Lord is nigh to them that are of a broken heart." "The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them." "Before the word is on my tongue, lo! O Lord, thou knowest it altogether." "Thou seest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways." The Psalms not only express our knowledge of God, but his knowledge of us; of our infirmities, our needs, our desires, our hopes, our love.

Nevertheless, we usually find, even in the Book of Psalms, that we are to take the initiative; that, if we first know God, then he will know us; that his pardon is a response to our contrition; that "his mercy is for them that fear him," his righteousness "for such as keep his covenant and remember his commandments to do them." There are passages in the Old Testament that have the flavor of the gospel; that are not far from the kingdom of heaven; that help us in our daily prayers. But still the New Testament adds another element. The Old Testament teaches that, if we know God, he will know us. The New Testament says that God knows us, that we may know him. It teaches that God reveals himself to us as our friend, and so enables us to become his friends.

There is, then, a profound philosophy in our text, "Now that ye have come to know God, or rather to be known of God." Our knowledge of God comes from his knowledge of us. Not till we see that he knows us do we really know him.

One of the most wonderful processes in nature is the awakening of the intelligence of an infant. The first thing it knows is its mother's face. And it knows its mother by being known of its mother. The mother's face, radiant with loving intelligence, arouses the sleeping intelligence of the child. He comes to recognize that expression of a mother's joy, a mother's love, a mother's overflowing tenderness, and so takes his first infantile step in knowledge.

Not exactly in this way, and yet essentially thus, comes our knowledge of superior men, —great poets, men of genius, men of commanding virtues, heroes and saints. I know a poet or thinker because he first knows me. He speaks to something in me which responds to his word. He does not know me personally; but he knows my human nature; he arouses in me aspirations and powers before unknown to myself. I know Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, because they first knew me. They spoke to that within me which others never saw. They have touched with wonderful skill the keys of that strange musical instrument, the human soul. Thus the hero rouses in me any heroism of which I am capable; thus the generous man awakens my generosity, and the saint my holiness. The more developed nature, able to express itself in word and life, reveals to me what was before latent and obscure in my soul.

The power of Jesus over mankind has

largely come from our finding that we are known of him. He comes nearer than any other to that which is deepest and best in us. How true the saying, "He knew what was in man, and needed not that any one should testify of him!" His words are spirit and life. At the end of the Sermon on the Mount we read that the people were astonished at his teaching, "for he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." The scribes probably argued, theorized, disputed, as they have done in all time: Jesus states the divine law, and it carries conviction with it. He tells the story of the Pharisee and Publican, and we see the difference between the prayer of formality, self-conceit, self-righteousness, and that of a contrite and broken heart. He tells the story of the Good Samaritan, and we see before our eyes the nature of generosity,—simple, direct, thorough-going. This picture of goodness hangs on the walls of time ever fresh and fair. He tells the story of the Prodigal Son; and God, who was afar off, comes nigh to us as a forgiving father. The gospel, spoken by Jesus, brings heaven near to earth, takes the burden from tired humanity, gives new courage to anxious hearts and timid consciences. And Jesus, belonging to another race, another age, and a far-off land, is better known to us than any other teacher because he understands better than any other our human needs. We know him because we are known by him.

The publicans and sinners could not go up into the realm of thought, where Jesus dwelt: he therefore must go down to them. In order that imperfection may understand goodness, goodness must first understand imperfection.

And thus we know God because we are known of him. We do not come to God, he comes to us. We do not find him, he finds us. We can never, by any effort of ours, pass the infinite distance which separates the Eternal One from ourselves; but He can pass over that vast abyss and come to his creatures. Who, by searching, can find out God? If we sometimes have a glimpse of that divine perfection; if we sometimes can look up out of time to eternity; if we can feel the presence of Him, sole fair, sole true,—it must be because he has come down to us. When we feel that heavenly presence in nature, when our heart burns within us at the sight of summer woods, of midnight stars, of the wide-rolling ocean, it is God who reveals himself to us into that mystery and beauty. God comes to us in our conscience, commanding us to love right and to hate wrong; to be faithful and true, generous and unselfish. In that still small voice he is still speaking.

We talk of revelation and revealed religion as though it were something peculiar, confined to the teaching of Moses or of Jesus. But all our knowledge of God is revelation. It is God revealing himself to man, God coming to his children. The infinite must always descend to the finite, since the finite cannot by any effort climb to the infinite. Thus Paul suggests a profound philosophical truth when he says that to know God is to be known of him. We do not go to God: he comes to us.

He comes to us in nature. The whole majestic order of the universe, its myriad suns, its infinite variety of created life, "its melodies of woods and waters," all constitute the divine Logos, the word which God speaks to his children. Nature is the original revelation of the infinite to the finite. It says to our groping intellect, feeling after God if haply we may find him, "He is not far from any of us. In him we live and move and have our being." When God created us, he knew us. He made us as we are. He put into us something of himself. He made us in his image; in the image of his intelligence, his affection, his will. Man sees God in himself as in a mirror. What could we know of the infinite intelligence if some spark of that intelligence had not descended into our mind? What could we know of the divine love if we had not something of that same pure element placed in our own heart? What could we know of the infinite creative will if we, also, had not the power to create something ourselves, to add something out of our own free efforts to the beauty and order of creation?

God knows us, just as we are, because he made us so. He knows our frame, he remembers that we are dust. He therefore asks of us no more than we are able to do. Even a wise and kind parent will sometimes make demands to which his child is not equal, but God cannot commit this mistake. Whenever he calls on us, in our conscience and heart, to do anything noble and just, he will give the power with which to do it. The courage of the hero, the patience of the martyr, come from their instinctive faith that as their day is, so shall their strength be.

The whole process of the education of the world is another proof that God knows what we are and what we want. By a slow but sure development man passes up, out of the first simple state, when he and the world are one, into the higher complex condition of social and civilized humanity. But every

step he takes makes another necessary. Every accomplished reform prepares the way for another. As we sail down the Ohio, we seem to be always entering a lovely lake, shut in on all sides by green fields and forests and blue hills. But, as we move on, each placid piece of water opens into another. The hills separate, and new stretches of the river appear before us. So in the unfolding of civilization we are always imagining our work done. When slavery was abolished, we thought our great task was over. But then came the question of reconstruction. Now that the South is once more cordially and heartily in the Union, come up other questions to be settled,—the tariff, the silver question, the temperance, the labor question. God knows best what we need for our education, and he does not mean that we should be without some difficulty to conquer. Once it was supposed that theology was a closed science, in which every question had been answered. Now all questions are open questions, all have to be examined. But we may be sure of this, that God does not trifle with our intelligence. Wherever he allows us to doubt, to question, it is because there is somewhere an answer to that question, a solution of that doubt.

Amid the mysteries of life it is a comfort to believe that God knows us. There are solemn hours of bereavement, hours when gloom falls on the soul, hours when the whole head is sick and the whole heart faint. We cannot understand why the good should suffer, the evil cause triumph, falsehoods deceive the innocent, the helpless be allowed to fall. No, we cannot understand it. Nor can your child understand why you interrupt his hour of happy play and send him to study; why you forbid his doing what seems to him natural and pleasant. We, too, are little children. One day we shall understand it all. The darkest mysteries of life will become simple as the sum in arithmetic is to us now which once baffled our childish efforts. We are known by God.

The highest act of the human intelligence is to know God. It seems almost incredible that the finite mind should be able to conceive of an Infinite Being, eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, from whom and through whom and to whom are all things. No wonder that some are perplexed by the grandeur of the thought, and say that they are atheists. The wonder is that this faith in an eternal Supreme Being should be the most deeply rooted of any conviction in the heart of man. Living in this little moment of time, we cannot help believing in worlds without beginning and without end. Standing on this minute point of space, we are obliged to conceive of an infinite universe, without bound or limit. Sure to die in a few brief years, we are conscious of immortal being. Does not this show that God himself speaks in our heart, and that we know him because he knows us, and reveals himself by a light within the soul?

We know God because he first knows us. We love God because he first loves us. The gospel of Jesus brings him to every human heart as its loving Father and Friend. I know my own weakness and sin; I know them but too well; but these shall not make me despair, since God, who knows them better than I, has sent Jesus to seek me and to save me. The goodness we could never have found has come to find us. The forgiveness in which we could not have believed has shown itself to us in the infinite patience of Jesus Christ. More than human love, the eternal goodness "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." If human love can reach that point where it never fails, still more surely can it be said of the Divine Love that it never faileth.

Know me, O my Father, as I am, and then shall I know thee aright. Let my soul lie open to thy light and thy truth. Lead thou me on!

When faith was lost, when my poor bark was driving
'Mid aimless doubts on thought's tempestuous sea,
I yet could say, in all my hopeless striving,
"I know thee not, but I am known of thee."

In blacker storms of earthly sin and passion,
One ray of light amid the darkness shone,
That, when thou, Lord, this soul of mine did'st fashion,
Its depths of weakness all to thee were known.

And when thy peace is in my heart descending,
When the dear Father's face again I see,
The same great thought with every joy is blending,
"I know thee now; for I am known of thee."

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE STILL HOUR.

Let not your heart be troubled
Nor fear your soul dismay;
There is awise Defender
And he will be your stay.

Where you have failed, he conquers.
See, how the foeman flies!
And all your tribulation
Is turned to glad surprise.

If for a while it seemeth
His mercy is withdrawn,
That he no longer careth
For his wand'ring child forlorn,
Doubt not his great compassion;
His love can never tire;
To those who wait in patience
He gives their heart's desire.
—*From the German.*

The moods are only the weather of the soul: at best they have nothing really to do with its career. The great secret of life is to steer a clean course through them, as the ship reaches at last the haven where it would be. Through the weather to the haven, that is the word of God, and the love lies waiting in the haven, and the weather matters nothing at all.—*John Kelma.*

We are often nearest to Christ when we feel him least. For prayer which perseveres in spite of dryness of feeling is for that very reason a real venture of faith.—*Cosmo G. Lang.*

Again it may be thou complainest, thou art often out of frame, or of an uneven temper, sometimes praying, sometimes sinning. But though thou art not always the same, yet God is and Jesus Christ is; and therefore it is that we are not consumed.—*John Mason.*

If the gifts of God depended on man's faith, the manna would have vanished very quickly. But day after day, through fret and sin and cowardice, God held to his purpose, as he always does; for the long-suffering of God is our salvation.—*G. H. Morrison.*

O God, our Heavenly Father, in thee our changing hearts have hope, because thou changest not. Have mercy on our varying moods and keep us ever in thy steadfast peace. Remove our faith from quicksands of our own heart's feeling, that it may build with confidence on thee. Come in thy love, Lord, to cleanse our hearts and dwell therein; and never leave us to our weak forebodings or the trial of our doubts. We rest upon thy perfect knowledge of our life and need. According to thy grace and our capacity make us like Christ in all humility and service. Upon thee we cast our care, for thou hast called and quickened us; and, though our tides of feeling ebb and flow, the purpose of thy love can never change. So grant us rest of quiet and unswerving faith through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests to be printed in this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

R. R. Riley McEwen, Tennessee, offers the following: "School Management," Tomkins; "Teaching a District School," Dinsmore; "Civics and Health," Allen; "Applied Physiology," Overton; "Beginners' American History," Montgomery.

Miss A. A. Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass., offers *Kindergarten Magazine* 1890 to 1900.

For the following, address Miss Isabel M. Harmon, Hotel Denmark, Dorchester, Mass.: "Studies in the Scriptures," in three volumes, published in 1911 by the International Bible Students Association: Volume i. entitled "The Divine Plan of the Ages"; volume ii. entitled "The Time is at Hand"; and volume iii., "Thy Kingdom Come."

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Mrs. L. C. Horton, Elkville, North Carolina, would like "The Missing Bride."

2. For a long time I have not asked for any books, but I am much alone now, and should be glad of the following: "The Grand Duke," by Charlton Dawe; "Locusts and Wild Honey," Burroughs; "Jane Field," M. J. Wilkins; and "A Red Cross Girl," R. H. Davis. Should also be glad of some numbers of *Munsey*. Mrs. Louisa H. Goodwin, care B. P. Knight, Buena Vista, Virginia.

3. I should like some books on adventure and engineering, also magazines on the same

subjects. Our minister's name is Rev. Joseph Harmon, Fall River, Kansas, R. R. 2. Address Nelson Wright, R. R. 2, Fall River, Kansas.

4. I should like to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Munsey's Magazine* for 1913, or any reading matter. Thanking you in advance, Mrs. Grayce Hutchins (formerly Grayce Tennyson), Shawnee, Oklahoma, R. R. 4.

5. I will make a request for the following books: "Plane Geometry"; White's "First Greek"; Steel's "Chemistry"; or Greek or Chemistry by any author. I am a member of the Cheerful Letter Exchange. R. R. Riley, McEwen, Tennessee.

6. Mrs. Hannah G. Blanchard, Madison, Maine, will be grateful for an interesting story book. She has had only the *Cheerful Letter*.

7. Alfred Shelton, Spencer, Henry County, Virginia, a cripple, ten years of age, "would like something to read."

8. Wade H. Brooks, Unionville, Route 2, Box 39, North Carolina, will appreciate reading.

9. Mrs. Letchie Carpenter, Charlotte, North Carolina, Route 8, care Wingate Store, will be glad of light reading.

10. Mrs. G. W. Wall, Aspen, Virginia, asks for magazines.

11. E. Mae Beach, Lamoni, Iowa, asks for the *Christian Register* and a copy of "Religious Education."

12. Will some one please send me the following books: "Cape Cod Stories," by J. C. Lincoln; "Sage Brush Parson," by A. B. Ward; "The Danger Trail," by J. O. Curwood; and "Detective Stories," by A. L. Drummond. Rev. Zeb B. Pyatt, Atlantic, North Carolina.

13. Mrs. A. D. Trevey, Naola, Virginia, asks for a large Bible with pictures, as well as any reading, which she will gladly share with others.

14. Mrs. Essie Sinclair, Peachland, North Carolina, living a very lonely life, will be thankful for light reading.

15. Mrs. C. B. Merrick, Methuen, Mass., asks for the *People's Home Journal* or anything on Health and Hygiene.

16. Mrs. Sallie E. Spears, Marshville, North Carolina, R. F. D. 5, Box 10, asks for a Bible with large print, and suitable reading for her seventeen-year-old daughter.

17. Miss Mattie Joyce, Spencer, Virginia, R. F. D. 1, will be very glad of light reading. She is a poor girl, living on a little farm in a very lonely neighborhood.

18. We have been moving around so that I have not received any reading lately, but have a home now back in Arkansas, so would like to get reading for myself and for my little girls. I should like the *Youth's Companion* for them. They are from six to thirteen years of age. I have enjoyed the reading so much in the past. Hoping to hear from you soon. Mrs. May (or Charles) Morgan. My last address was Lama, Oklahoma. My address now is Copeland, Arkansas.

19. Please send reading-matter to a family of children whose ages range from six to fourteen years. They have lately moved from Springfield, Missouri. Address, Ethel Brentlinger, Hemet, California. I myself should like Browning and Carlyle, but shall be glad of anything you have for me. Mary E. Decker, 837 Billings Street, Springfield, Missouri.

20. Mrs. S. M. Trevey, Naola, Virginia, living in a lonely country place, will be very glad of any good reading, and asks especially for the *Ladies' Home Journal* or *Delineator* for 1913.

21. I received a number of the *Cheerful Letter*, and like it so much. I live in the country, have four little children, and have spent a rather lonely winter, as I am unable to go anywhere. I love dearly to read, but do not take any books, papers, or magazines. I should be so glad to join the Cheerful Letter Exchange and receive reading matter, such as books, papers, and magazines,—something to cheer me. Address Mrs. W. T. Graves, Fredericksburg, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

22. John W. Brown, Traphill, North Carolina, a nervous invalid, asks for "Robinson Crusoe."

23. Ruth Kennedy, Marysville, Texas, living a long way from church and Sunday-school, asks for reading.

24. If you have a copy of "Mother Carey's Chickens," I should be most grateful for it. I have a birthday July 25, and should be

glad of reading or cards. I have no "own folks" but my mother, and she is in Massachusetts, and birthdays are very lonely, homesick days. Florence Thayer Walker, Sonoma, California.

25. Mrs. Minerva Wilson, Madison, North Carolina, asks for reading for her family, consisting of her husband and grown children.

The sister of Mrs. A. B. Tuttle, whose death occurred in April, and who was not able to acknowledge favors received at Christmas and later, wishes to thank those who have so kindly contributed to the pleasure of one to whom life had been in some measure a burden for many years.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Edith W. Reynolds from Sherman to Three Rivers, Michigan.

Mrs. H. Braswell from Olive Branch to Marshville, North Carolina.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TWO PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.

Usefulness.

Dear God, the good Days come and go
As gifts from Heaven to me.
I'm sure each one would like to know
How *useful* I can be.
God, guide my Heart and Hands, I pray,
To do some useful things
That prove I'm grateful for the Day
And all the life it brings.

God, make me cheerful as I do
The things I know are right.
Then may I help some *others*, too,
And make their burdens light.
So many happy days will come,
And they will always bless
Each corner of my Heart and Home
With Love and Usefulness.
Amen.

Clean and Neat.

Dear God, the Sky is blue and fair;
The clouds are fleecy-white.
The Stars shine down through pure, pure air;
The Moon is silver-bright.
The water runs as clear as glass;
The fragrant Breezes greet
The dewy Flowers and the Grass;
God's world is pure and sweet.

Dear God, where all this sweetness lives,
I'm sure I ought to do
Whatever makes me neat and gives
Me lovely sweetness, too.
God loves a child that wants to be
All rosy, clean, and neat.
God's lovely world is glad to see
Its children pure and sweet.
Amen.
—*John Martin.*

DUTIES OF MOTHERS.

A conscientious mother, aiming before all things at the moral good of her child, and feeling the tremendous responsibilities which rest on her as regards all its future life, for weal or woe, must, I should think, often be nearly overwhelmed with her task. Poor Margaret Fuller, recording in her diary the event of her child's birth, must have expressed the thoughts of thousands: "I am the mother of an immortal being! God be merciful to me, a sinner!" The sense of her own unworthiness and incapacity for her sacred task was probably, however, the very best preparation for performing it well. The woman who thinks herself quite equal to the duties of motherhood almost betrays by that fact that she has only the meanest notions of their nature and extent.

I hope you, my friends, who are mothers and possess the experience which I shall never know, will pardon my presumption in laying down before you what appears to me the leading outlines of parental duty. If these could be generally agreed upon, the correlative duties of children about which so much doubt and *friction* at present prevail, would become more clear.

Let me say something very serious to you at this point, something which I think we ought to bear in mind, not only in considering parental, but all other social duties. We often refer to the love of God as the supreme love, and most justly; for all the holy love which ever swelled in a mother's breast can only have come from Him,—a drop from the fountain, a ray from the sun. But have you ever reflected that in that awful love of God for his poor children of clay there must be mingled at once infinite tenderness and pity, and at the same time a severity which never shrinks from any suffering needed to recall us from sin or purify or sanctify us? That is the ideal of all love,—the *norm* toward which we should strive to lift our poor, feeble, short-sighted, selfish affections, and which it above all concerns a parent to strive to translate into the language of human duty. This is the truest love, the love which attaches itself to the very soul of the child, which *repents with it*, with tears bitterer than its own, for its faults, and, while heaping on it, so far as may be, every innocent pleasure, never for an

instant abandons the thought of its highest and ultimate welfare. I think that till a parent's love for a child is of the *same character* with that divine love of which we learn somewhat in life's supremest hours of communion, till then his or her love is poor and faulty.

But, oh, what a wondrous, what a sublime thing it is for a mother to be able to feel toward her offspring something like what God feels to us all! Kepler said one of the grandest things ever uttered when he discovered the law of planetary distances, and bowed his head and said in awe-struck tones, "O God, I think thy thoughts after thee." We do, effectually, "think God's thoughts" whenever we study nature. But it is higher still (if I may dare to use the words) to *feel God's feelings*, to love even one little child as He loves it. And such divine sort of motherly love has this exceeding glory that all through life it will remain as the token, the assurance to the child, that there *is such a thing as perfect love in the universe.* He has felt it, he has been cradled in its arms, he has learned to trust it absolutely, and to know that, however often or however miserably he may fail, that love will never forsake him, but will lift him up and restore him at last.

A mother's love, then, ought to be attuned to the very note of the love divine,—to be, in fact, its echo from the deep cave of her heart.

But, with such super-earthly love to light her way, what does she see before her? There is, first, the duty of conducing to her child's moral welfare, the highest of all her duties; secondly, of securing his bodily health; thirdly, of giving him that intellectual training which will enlarge his being and make his moral nature itself more robust and capable of fulfilling his duties in life; and, lastly, of making him as happy as she may. These are each and all most complicated problems to many a good mother, working perhaps against wind and tide, with feeble health or limited means, or possibly with a husband who thwarts and opposes her endeavors. It would require not half a lecture, but a whole treatise, to deal with such a subject fitly, even if I possessed the experience or insight needful for the task. There is only one point on which I think ethical science may be of some utility. That point is the problem of *obedience.* How far ought it to be enforced?

Three things are commonly confounded in speaking of filial obedience:—

1st. The obedience which must be exacted from a child for its own physical, intellectual, and moral welfare.

2d. The obedience which the parent may exact for his (the parent's) welfare and convenience.

3d. The obedience which parent and child alike owe to the moral law, and which it is the parent's duty to teach the child to pay.

If mothers would but keep these three kinds of obedience clear and distinct in their minds, I think much of the supposed difficulty of the problem would disappear. And, if children as they grow up would likewise discriminate between them, many of their troubles would be relieved.

For the first, the excellent old Dr. Thomas Brown lays down ("Lectures on Ethics," p. 287) a principle which seems to me exactly to fit the case. He says that parents "should impose no restraint *which has not for its object some good greater than the temporary evil of the restraint itself.*" For an infant the restraint is no evil; and at that age everything must be a matter of obedience, the babe possessing no sense or experience for self-guidance. But, as the childhood advances, so should freedom advance; and even if the little boy or girl does now and then learn by sharp experience, the lesson will generally be well worth the cost, whereas the evils of over-restraint have no compensation. Each one is bad in itself, checking the proper development of the character, chilling the spirits, and also in a cumulative way becoming increasingly mischievous as the miserable sense of being fettered becomes confirmed.

In all this matter of the child's own welfare, the mother's aim ought to be to become the lifelong *counsellor* of her child; and a counsellor is (by the very hypothesis) one who does not persist in claiming authority. Nobody thinks of consulting another who may conclude their "advice" by saying, "And now I order you to do as I have advised." To drop as completely and as early as possible the tone of command, and assume that of loving, sympathetic, ever-disinterested guide and friend,—that is, I think, the true wisdom of every mother, as it was that of my own. Of course there are cases so grave (especially where girls who little understand the need of caution are concerned) that it is absolutely necessary, nay, the mother's pressing duty, to prohibit her daughter from running into danger. To apply Brown's rule, the evil of restraint is more than counterbalanced by immunity from deadly peril. Perhaps it is one of the principal causes of the dissatisfaction of young girls with parental control that they do not and cannot understand what horrible dangers may overtake them in the still foul condition of society.

2d. It is too little remembered that a parent has a moral right to exact obedience as a

form of *service* from his child. The parent has, in strictest ethical sense, the first of all claims on the child's special *benevolence; i.e.*, on his *will to do good.* The double ties of gratitude and of closest human relationship make it the duty of the child to pay that sacred debt from first to last; and it is entirely fit and greatly for its benefit that the parent should claim that duty. The parent's *direction* in such cases, properly translated, is not a *command,* to which the response is blind obedience, but an *indication of the way in which the person to whom the debt is due desires it should be paid.* There ought to be nothing in the slightest degree harsh or dictatorial in such direction. On the contrary, I cannot but think that the introduction by parents of much greater courtesy to their children would be an immense advantage in this and other cases. We all ask our servants politely to do for us the services which they have contracted to do and for which we pay them. How much more kindly and courteously ought we to ask our children to perform services due by the blessed and holy debt of nature and gratitude, and which ought, each one, to be a joy to the child as well as to the parent! When it is rightly demanded and cheerfully paid, how excellent and how beautiful to both is this kind of filial duty! When, for example, we see little girls of the working classes taught to carry their father's dinner to the field as soon as they can toddle, and helping their mother to "mind the baby," even if it be a "little Molloch" of a baby, we witness both the fulfilment of a legitimate claim on the part of the parents and a most beneficent moral training for the child. I think this sort of service of the child is sadly lacking among the richer classes, and that it would be an excellent thing if mothers, however wealthy, found means of making their children more useful to themselves. Nothing can be worse for a child than to find everything *done for her,* and never to be called upon to do anything for anybody else. Indeed, any fine-natured child, like a dog, will find much more real pleasure in being of use, or fancying it is so, than in being perpetually pampered and amused. Of course there would be moral limits to such claims on the parent's part, as, *e.g.*, when they would interfere with the child's health or education. But there is no natural termination in point of age to the parent's right to give such directions for his own service. On the contrary the time when the adult son or daughter has come into full possession of his or her faculties, while the parent is sinking into the infirmities of age, is the very time when filial duty is most imperative in its obligation; and the fact that aged parents rarely attempt to give to adult sons and daughters the same directions for their comfort as they gave them when children shows how little the real nature of these sacred rights and duties is commonly understood.—"*Duties of Women,*" *by Frances Power Cobbe.*

SOME MINOR ETHICS.

One evening, just about dark, several boys, Mark among them, were playing in an entry of the hotel in one of the upper stories. It was the story below the one where Timboo's room was. They were rolling a ball to and fro along the floor. They were not making any unusual noise, but naturally they laughed out a little now and then, and the movement of their feet, as they ran back and forth, of course produced some sound. It was raining at the time, and that was the reason why they did not go out of doors to play, and they came up to this story because the people that lodged in these rooms were generally away at that time of the day, and so the boys thought there was nobody there to be disturbed.

They played for some time in peace, but at last a man came upstairs with a lamp, to go into his room, and he drove the boys away.

"Away with you, boys!" said he. "I won't have you making such a racket here."

So the boys took their ball and walked toward the stairway.

"Let's go up and see if Timboo is in his room," said Mark.

. . . . . .

As soon as the boys had satisfied their curiosity in respect to Timboo's pictures, their thoughts reverted to the grievance they had suffered in being stopped in their play in their hall.

"Do you think that man had any right to send us away so?" asked Mark. "We were only playing ball."

"No," said Timboo, "not a bit of right. That's what the halls of hotels are made for, are they not?—for boys to play ball in."

"Why, no—I don't know that they are *made* for that, particularly," said Mark.

"What are they made for, then?" asked Timboo.

"Why, I suppose they are made for people to go back and forward in to their rooms."

"Well, at any rate your father hired one of the halls for you boys to play ball in."

"No," said Mark, pettishly.

"Or at least," continued Timboo, "he agreed with the landlord, when he came here, that you should have the privilege of playing

ball, or anything else, in the entries, whenever you were so disposed."

"No! No!" said Mark. "You know better than that yourself, Timboo. You were only saying that to tease us, or to make fools of us. We did not hire the entries to play in, but then I think we have a right to play in them if we don't make any noise. And we were not making any noise."

"Certainly not," said Timboo. "Boys never make a noise when they are playing ball, and that is the reason why it is so unreasonable for people to object to it."

"No, Timboo," said Mark, "it is not so. Boys *do* make a noise sometimes when they are playing ball; but *we* were not making any—not any at all."

"That's what I ought to have said," replied Timboo. "Boys when they are playing ball in the entry never think they are making a noise themselves, though they admit that other boys do. Besides," said Timboo, "if you take pleasure in making a noise in the halls, why should not you do it?"

Mark was silent. Timboo seemed to be defending the boys' side, but Mark was not at all satisfied with the style of his defence.

"*That's* what I ask," repeated Timboo, looking up from his writing with a triumphant air. "If boys take pleasure in making a noise, why should not they make it?"

"You see," said Timboo, "there might be a person sick in one of these halls. He naturally likes to be quiet. Very good. But you are *not* sick. You are well and full of mischief. You naturally like to make a noise. Now why should you not make it? Why should one person be any more entitled to the pleasure of quiet than the other to the pleasure of a noise? That's what I want to know."

Mark and the other boys were a little puzzled with Timboo's reasoning. They could not tell whether he was in earnest or not.

"When you both pay," continued Timboo, finishing his sentence.

"Yes," said Mark. "My father pays as well as that man, and we have as good a right to the entries as he has."

"Certainly," said Timboo, "and, if you pay, then you have a right to do what you please in the entries, as well as he has to do what he pleases."

"So I think," said Mark. "If anybody pays for anything, they have a right to do as they please with it."

"Certainly," said Timboo. "A woman hires a pew in a church, for example. Other people hire pews, too. Now they may wish for their pews to sit still in, and listen to the sermon; but the woman may wish for hers to keep an apple-stand, to sell nuts and apples in to the boys of the congregation."

"Oh, Timboo!" said Mark.

"Certainly," said Timboo. "If she pays for the pew, why has not she the right to do anything in it that she has a mind to?"

"Then besides," he continued, "when you hire a pew in a church, you hire at the same time your share of the broad aisle that leads to it. Now some of the people may only want the broad aisle to come to and from their pews; but, if you prefer to use it to trundle your hoop in or to play horses in, why should not you? Why should not you have your way, as well as they have theirs, when you all pay alike?"

"What, in church time!" said Mark.

"Yes," said Timboo, "in church time, as well as at any other time. You pay for it for all the time."

"O Timboo!" said Mark. "You are only making fools of us."

"Why? Don't you believe," said Timboo, "that, if a woman has hired a pew and paid for it, she has a right to make an apple-stall of it, or anything else she pleases?"

"No," said Mark, decidedly.

"You'd better believe it," said Timboo.

"Why?" asked Mark.

"Because it is only on that ground that you can maintain your right to make a ball yard of a hotel entry."—"*The Alcove*," *by Jacob Abbott, in Harper's Story Books.*

The principle that is illustrated by the extract given above may be thus stated.

When anything is the common property of a number of persons, and is intended for a certain purpose, no one person and no group of persons has a right to take possession of it for an object of their own which infringes on the rights of others and prevents their using it for the intended purpose.

It is not the selfishness or the want of courtesy toward which we now wish to call attention. It is a form of dishonesty, the appropriation of something not our own, but held in common.

Children are less to blame for these infringements of the rights of others than their parents, for children only gradually come to know the difference in the sense of *meum* and *tuum* and, as grown people are often guilty in this respect themselves, the reform should begin with them.

I think that no one who stays at a hotel can help seeing a great deal of this form of dishonesty. The corridors of hotels and boarding-houses are filled with persons who tramp back and forth with needless noise,

and talk very loud without the least regard for the rights of others. Parents allow their children to race and romp on the piazzas and in the hallways, sometimes even in the parlors; and sometimes we hear mothers say "my children, you know, are real children," which means that their children are allowed to maraud all over the whole house, and that they expect the grown-up people to put up with their disturbance as a matter of course. All of us can remember instances of this sort. Here are some that have come within my own observation or that of personal friends.

In the place where my own summer residence is situated, is a small library for the use of the summer visitors, a quiet, pleasant resort; and it would seem as if most persons would understand that in a room where the visitors were either selecting books or reading, noisy shouting and screaming was out of place. Two young people, a young man and a young woman who seemed to be his sister, were standing on different sides of the room as far apart as possible and shouting to each other, without the least regard for the rights of the quiet persons present. They ought, of course, to have been silenced; but it was difficult for the librarian, a gentle young lady, to take the initiative in that respect. Those who have made any such remonstrance, however gentle, know that they expose themselves to receiving an impudent answer without much chance of doing good.

Crossing the ocean, I happened one day to find two little boys standing in the passage out of which the stateroom doors opened. Their mouths were wide open in the effort apparently to see which could scream the loudest. I stopped and reminded them that this was not their own play-room. (I very seldom, by the way, say anything to troublesome children; but on this occasion I felt for the sick and suffering travellers in their berths, whose misery is needlessly aggravated by disagreeable noises.) I received so impudent an answer as to give me a very unpleasant idea of the vulgarity and disregard for other people's rights that must have characterized their parents. Many persons would have said that those children ought to have been spanked, but to my mind it was the father and mother that should have had the punishment.

A friend of mine who was staying at a country boarding-house one day found the children had taken possession of the parlor, which was the common sitting-room of the boarders, to play games, if I remember rightly, upon a rainy day. Instead of merely thinking how ill-brought up they were, she gave them a little talk explaining the matter. She said, "You know no one cares more for pleasure than I do, but it is not right for you to take possession of a room which is intended for the grown-up people of the family to use for quiet conversation and reading, and turn it into a play-room." These children seemed to receive her little lecture with propriety.

L. F. C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

A MIDSUMMER STROLL.

It is the very middle of summer. One day more and we shall have seen the season verge toward fall. There is no holding back the wheel.

The morning is cloudy after rain. As I cross the river on the railroad, swifts are darting to and fro just above the surface. It must be that insects fly low in weather of this kind, I say to myself. Yesterday afternoon, while I was walking on an embankment with low trees behind me, a swift more than once flew almost into my face, he was hawking so near the ground. I think of an old weather sign that I used to hear quoted many years ago. If the swallows flew low or flew high,—I cannot be certain which way the proverb ran,—rain was coming. I have often wished that it were the custom of the makers of scientific manuals, for example, to lay particular emphasis upon the blanks in their own knowledge; instead of which they mostly conceal all such deficiencies, leaving the unwary reader (who has probably never written a book himself, and so has never learned the secrets of the trade) to suppose that they possess unlimited information about the subject in hand, though they are compelled by lack of space to omit here and there a few unimportant particulars.

I am still meditating upon this problem when I come in sight of a grand white oak, one of the grandest in the neighborhood, a real patriarch. A week or more ago I saw that its largest limb had broken away from the trunk, and was trailing on the ground. A thousand pities, it seemed to me; and now, seeing the nearest neighbor of the tree standing beside his door, I stop to inquire if he knows how and when the accident occurred. It was two days ago, he says, and he adds, "I guess the weight of the leaves broke it down." He is sure there was no wind on the day when the branch fell. Truly, human testimony is a broken reed.

The flowers mark the time of the year. In fact, if we could only read it, the face of the

earth is the face of a clock. Blue curls, the little orange grass, the early golden-rods, hardhack, the tall, ragged desmodium; fleabane, butter-and-eggs, the wild indigo,—these and others like them are an outdoor man's almanac. Every one of them speaks of midsummer. Here is the white verbena, tall, weedy, minutely flowered,—a very poor relation, indeed, of our handsome garden plants of the same genus; and here by the river is the button-bush. A great contrast there is between all these and the delicate, modest, graceful, sweet-scented flora of early spring. Think of mayflowers, anemones, violets, and columbines, and then think of blue curls, desmodium, fleabane, and the rest. Spring flowers have the graces of youth. Yet I take back my words in part as I come in sight of the river again, and my eye falls upon the white water-lilies. Here is one of nature's triumphs, beauty and sweetness incomparable, a flower that May herself could not improve upon.

It is midsummer, also, by the birds' calendar. "How still they are!" I have said to myself a dozen times. Their silence began, or at least it passed one of its stages, a week or ten days ago. Till then wood thrushes were daily in tune about me, three of them within sound of the veranda. Since that time I have heard not a note from them. They stopped as at a signal. This morning the house wren even was silent as I passed his dooryard, and, though I have walked a mile, I have yet to hear the first red-eyed vireo. A scrap of robin music (of which only a fortnight ago we had almost too much), an occasional song sparrow's tune, the sweet whistle of a chickadee, and some rather brief warblings of a goldfinch are all that I have so far heard. Short bird lists we make in the silent season. But now comes a real vernal reminder,—a woodpecker's distant tattoo. No bird song sounds to me so spring-like.

Not a warbler have I seen or heard until, as the road enters a woody tract, two chestnut sides show themselves. Half a mile more and I come upon a bunch of five young summer yellow-birds, who peep at me out of their leafy coverts as I chirp to them. Lovely creatures they are, a joy to the eye that sees them. May they survive all the perils of their long migratory wanderings.

Now I am almost at home, and am approaching a pool of water about the border of which, five days ago, a solitary sandpiper (not one sandpiper, but a sandpiper of the kind known as the solitary) was feeding. He can hardly have remained here ever since that time, but I steal forward quietly to make sure, and at the last moment (I am close upon him) up he springs, and with little cries of alarm (not the tweet-tweet that he utters on the wing) flutters a rod or two and settles down again upon the gravel. Now he stands motionless on his tall, dark-colored stilts, and now, with a note of remonstrance ("I wish you would move on, Mr. Troublesome!"), he bobs forward and back, with a quick nervous motion, and comes to rest for another interval. By this action he should be related to the plovers.

I look the place over for a spotted sandpiper that was here also on my previous visit; and, sure enough, he is still present, seesawing about the opposite edge of the pool, in the shelter of weeds and grasses. The two travellers have found a good feeding-place and are wise enough to make the most of it. The solitary is an undoubted migrant,—the first one I have seen. A short stay sandpipers make on their breeding-grounds. The solitary, for example, passes us in May,—after the middle of the month,—and is back again in sixty days; and some of the beach birds are equally expeditious. The bird-gazer, of all men, should enjoy the "fellowship of the seasons." Pity the man whose work is drudgery,—for whom every day is like every other. It is nothing like that with the birds or with those who enjoy the birds' acquaintance. I wonder how many readers of this column are already looking forward to spring (though it is not yet autumn), with all its delectable possibilities.—*Bradford Torrey.*

WILLIAM GREENLEAF ELIOT.

VIII.

(*Continued from the June number.*)

SOCIAL REFORM.

Wearied by the long strain of the Civil War period and the labors incident to reorganization in the years immediately ensuing, Dr. Eliot was compelled to withdraw for a while from active duty, and in the spring of 1869 visited the Pacific coast. On his return in the fall he went abroad with his wife and younger children, and spent the winter in Rome.

He returned to St. Louis in the early summer of 1870, and on the 1st of July recorded that he had written and copied his letter of resignation as pastor of the Church of the Messiah. Although never thereafter installed as minister of any parish, he was still devoted to his profession, and continued with unabated zeal his labors for the advancement of moral and social reform. In

the interest of higher morality he had spoken from the pulpit for social purity and temperance. He now addressed the public through the medium of the press, advocating practical measures of reform.

For years he hoped and labored for the enactment of restrictive or prohibitory legislation regulating the manufacture and sale of liquor, not only in Missouri, but throughout the United States, and he corresponded with legislators on the subject. His hope lay not in the wealthy classes, nor in the ignorant and uneducated, but in the so-called "middle classes," who more quickly respond to such appeals. In a "lay sermon" on "Temperance," published in 1882, he declared that there were three methods by which the temperance cause could be advanced. These were: total abstinence, personal influence upon others, leading them to the same, and the advocacy of prohibitory or restrictive legislation. Of total abstinence he said: "It is the only assured course of safety for ourselves and our families. I do not care how strong we may be, . . . we are not absolutely safe while the use of intoxicants as a beverage continues."

To women Dr. Eliot believed in giving the largest opportunities of education and usefulness. In an address delivered in 1871 on "Women's Future in America and the Education needed to prepare her for it," he especially emphasized the desirability of a sound, practical education carried to the highest practical point. This he considered equally necessary for woman in her natural or providential sphere of the home, in her important work as an educator of the young, in her social and political relations in America, and in the special work confined to a few. He was naturally conservative, and believed that the great majority of women would prefer to remain in "the quiet discharge of household duties," but that there was a large field of educational work in which they excelled, and it was of the utmost importance they should be fitted for the proper performance of its requirements. To the few fitted for and desiring special work, special opportunities for preparation should be given.

In considering the question of woman's social and political relations in America, he asked, "Shall woman be included in the republican idea as having the full rights of equal citizenship?" and answered the question in the affirmative. He believed that the "logic of republicanism, inevitable and irresistible, would solve the problem of universal suffrage and of the freedom of the slave," and that woman should have *power*, the only principle which society permanently respects, rather than merely the protection which had always been vouchsafed her. He did not regard the extension of suffrage to women as a privilege or concession of a right, but as a duty to be imposed.

To Mr. McGinness, Dr. Eliot, then vice-president of the National Prison Association, addressed an open letter on the "Leasing System," which was published in the St. Louis *Globe* of February 25, 1875. In this letter he stated that he had made prison discipline a careful study since he left college in 1830, forty-five years previously; that for many years he spent several hours each week with prisoners in jails and prisons; and that at one time he "knew quite as much of human nature inside the walls as outside." He had also kept himself familiar with the various plans and systems both in this country and Europe. The treatment of the guilty he declared to be "one grand problem of society," and, when it was successfully solved, the "greatest triumph of civilization would have been gained."

He considered that the true secret of prison discipline was to treat the prisoners like human beings, and, while imposing strict disciplinary rules, to observe justice and to govern them by the same motives which appeal to other men. As a result of such treatment the influence of prison life would be greatly improved, and men would no longer leave the prison "full of vindictive hatred, morally and intellectually educated for new and greater crimes." He agreed with modern reformers, that convicts should be rewarded for diligence and good behavior by giving them some of the fruits of their earnings. He expressed the opinion that "the average of personal character in the prison is not so much below that of the surrounding world as generally supposed," and with a fair chance a large part of the convicts could be reclaimed.

Dr. Eliot was interested in all measures for material as well as moral improvement in the community. In 1871 he urged through the press the building of the new Merchants' Exchange, and, when the building was completed, he was present at the dedication exercises and made the opening prayer. He performed the same office at the meeting of the Southern Pacific Railroad Convention in 1875, ten years after the close of the Civil War. On this occasion there were seated on the platform the *quasi* ex-President Jefferson Davis, Gen. Joseph Johnston, and Gen. P. T. Beauregard, with Gen. Sherman and many other distinguished men. In his prayer Dr. Eliot said: "Al-

mighty and most merciful God, . . . we have come here in the interest of peace and of national union. Wilt thou guide our minds to wisdom of counsel: wilt thou fill our hearts with fairness and with justice and with brotherly love. May there be no place for discord, may no angry word be spoken. May we leave behind us narrow selfishness and sectional feeling, remembering that we are here as citizens of the same great country, to work together for our common good. O God, wilt thou bind us together more and more closely, not only by the bonds of iron, but by the bonds of fraternal love. Thou hast taught us by thy Word that we are members one of another. By sore experience we have learned that one member cannot suffer without any suffering with it. We can neither suffer nor rejoice alone. Wilt thou therefore teach us to live according to the great law of Christian rectitude, not only individually, but as representing different communities and cities. . . . We pray for thy blessing upon our beloved country which thou hast so greatly distinguished. May this people become free indeed by escaping from the bondage of sin, by escaping from the wickedness of strife, and to thy name be the glory and praise forever through Jesus Christ our Lord."

. . . . . .

When, in 1870, after a continued pastorate of thirty-six years, Dr. Eliot retired from the pulpit of the Church of the Messiah, it was because he realized that his strength was no longer adequate to its duties. In the draft of an anniversary sermon prepared for the meeting of the National Unitarian Association in 1870 appears a statement, afterwards suppressed in the copy, which indicates his state of mind at that time: "But in laying down that office held through thirty-six years of earnest endeavor, under circumstances of difficulty and trial which few men know, I have taken up a cross the weight of which was greater than I had thought, and my heart fails within me to bear it. Dearer to me than life itself is the precious ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ. Most sacred of all commands is his word, 'Feed my sheep.' Higher than all worldly honor is the privilege of speaking in Christ's stead, persuading men to be reconciled to God. Only for a season, therefore, and under providential necessity, have I left the work, and in some humbler way shall hope to resume it again."

. . . . . .

In the summer of 1886, on his seventy-sixth birthday, August 5, 1886, Dr. Eliot wrote the poem "Nunc Dimittis," which voiced his own consciousness of his approaching end, and his desire of release from suffering and disability, while ready to live or die "as the Lord willed."

"Fain would I breathe that gracious word,
Now lettest thou thy servant, Lord,
Depart in peace.
When may I humbly claim that kind reward,
And cares and labors cease?
With anxious heart I watch at heaven's gate—
Answer to hear;
With failing strength I feel the increasing weight
Of every passing year.
Hath the time not fully come, dear Lord,
Thy servant to release?

"Be still, my heart! In silence God doth speak
Here is thy place; here, not at heaven's gate;
Thy task is not yet finished; frail and weak.
Doing or suffering, steadfast is thy faith,
Thy service is accepted, small or great;
His time is thine—or soon or late,
If daylight fades, work while the twilight lasts."

. . . . . .

The motto on Dr. Eliot's family crest was "Tace et fac." Another less commonly used in the family was "Non nobis solum," and this he preferred. Praise seemed to induce in him a feeling of humility that he had not accomplished more. To God he would indeed give all the glory. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, evidently in one of his missionary sermons, made some laudatory remarks regarding the liberality of Dr. Eliot's church; and the latter wrote: "Speak more gingerly of us,—in good-natured general terms, if at all,—as 'our little sister' at the West, who seems tall only because she stands alone, which is the fact. Seriously, the more unobserved we are, the better for us, and very decidedly the more pleasant." Upon this letter Dr. Clarke wrote: "W. G. Eliot. Answered. 'Men do not light a candle and put it under a bushel,' etc.," from which we infer the tenor of his reply.

. . . . . .

In the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis, at the right of the altar is erected a memorial tablet to Dr. Eliot, placed there by friends who cherished for him sincere affection and esteem. The inscription, composed by Colonel George E. Leighton, is classic in its inclusive brevity: It is as follows: "In

Memoriam, Rev. William Greenleaf Eliot, D.D., 1811–1887, Pastor of this Church 1834–1873, and the wise helper and counsellor of church and people until his death.

"His best monument is to be found in the many educational and philanthropic institutions of St. Louis, to which he gave the disinterested labor of his life.

"The whole city was his parish, and every soul needing him a parishioner."—*"William Greenleaf Eliot," Charlotte C. Eliot.*

JOAN OF ARC.

It is a remarkable fact that we have almost as full and exact account of the life of Jeanne d'Arc as if we had known her ourselves.*

And now the power of faith to remove mountains and change the course of history is to be seen not in any great Saint or Doctor, but in an innocent peasant,—a young girl hardly more than a child, but in whom a spirit dwelt that has made her one of the wonders of the ages. Her greatness consists in this, that she did everything by pure force of soul.

After sleeping four hundred years in the Royal Library at Paris, a cloud of witnesses come forth from their graves to declare what they knew and saw. Ninety had appeared before the Court of Revision to testify in her favor,—thirty-four of them from her native town. Three of the greatest generals of France—Dunois, D'Alençon, and De Gaucourt—bear witness to her military prowess. We have her own words given in answer to thirty public and private examinations during her trials. Thus her whole life is photographed for us as by a sunbeam.

The four hundred and seventy-two years that have passed since the death of the Maid of Orleans have purified her memory from the stains with which prejudice and ignorance had soiled it, but it has been reserved for the nineteenth century to do full justice to the heroine of the fifteenth. A noble German poet has illustrated her character in one of his most charming dramas; and, since the time of Schiller, patient research has discovered, among the contemporary memoirs of the period in which she lived and in the records of her two trials, the amplest means of vindicating her pure and noble virtues.

Jeanne d'Arc was put to death by the sentence of the Roman Catholic Church in May, 1431. Twenty years had hardly elasped when a tribunal of the same Church re-examined and reversed the sentence. The king of France, whose failing fortunes she had restored, but who had made no effort to save her in her peril, was now better advised, and ordered a new trial of her case. Pope Calixtus III., in consequence of this royal demand, and in compliance with the request of the mother and brothers of the heroic girl, directed the Archbishop of Reims and the Bishops of Paris and Constance to preside on the occasion. Seven or eight months were occupied in this investigation. Witnesses came from all parts to testify in her favor. The old people from her native town; the younger companions of her childhood; Dunois and the Duke d'Alençon, both comrades in her military leadership; Louis de Contes, her page; D'Aulon, her squire; Pasquerel, her confessor; those who saw her in prison, and those who stood near her at the scaffold; even the officials and notaries employed by her enemies,—all appeared in turn to testify to some separate trait of her lovely character. In their depositions was revealed the pure and modest life of the young girl in her father's home,—her simplicity of character and inspired firmness of soul during her famous career. All these witnesses testified to her patience amid her sufferings after she fell into the hands of the English, and to her boldness before the tribunal of her enemies. They also described the sudden illuminations which showed her the crafty purposes of her judges. After hearing this evidence the court declared that the charges brought against Jeanne were calumnious and false, and the former sentence null and of no effect. They commanded that this decree be read publicly in the place where she had been so cruelly put to death, and also in the city of Orleans which she had delivered.

Thus there is no history which rests on more authentic materials than that of Jeanne d'Arc. The English, not satisfied with putting her to death with the utmost barbarity, endeavored to blast her reputation and destroy her character by the sentence of the ecclesiastical courts. That no monument might ever be built over her remains, they cast her ashes into the Seine; but, unconsciously, they had erected a far nobler monument to her memory in the trial itself.

Beautiful as is Schiller's drama, and well as he has delineated her character, no one, we think, can read the simple memoirs of her life and the events of her short career without feeling that these constitute a far nobler poem.

* Five large octavo volumes, edited by Jules Quicherat in 1854, reproduced, in the old Latin and French, the official record of the two trials of condemnation and revision. This is taken from the original manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Royale. These records were translated into modern French, and published in 1858 in two large octavo volumes, by E. O'Reilly, counsellor of the Imperial Court at Rouen.

Nothing can surpass the touching beauty of the facts themselves.

In 1422 Charles VI., king of France, died. In the same year Charles VII. was crowned at Poitiers; and the English king, Henry VI., was also crowned in Paris as the king of France and England. The affairs of Charles VII. were nearly desperate. The English occupied Normandy, Champagne, Picardy, the Isle of France, and Guienne. The Duke of Burgundy, one of the most powerful princes of Europe, was their ally; and so was Isabella, queen of France, the mother of Charles himself.

The English generals, Salisbury, Warwick, Talbo, Arundel, Somerset, were the greatest captains of the age. The English soldiers, flushed with victory, expected another Creçy or Agincourt in every battle. The French, dispirited, expected always defeat. Disaster, poverty, and disgrace seemed to have permanently settled upon the French court and nation.

It was in the midst of this state of things that a peasant girl, seventeen years old, reversed the tide of events, overthrew the English power, and in less than a year, driving their victorious armies before her in all directions, saved her king and nation from destruction.

Jeanne d'Arc was born January 6, 1412, in the village of Domremy, which is situated on the river Meuse, in the north-eastern part of France, on the borders of Lorraine and Champagne, and not far from the town of Neufchâteau.

The Burgundians, who sided with the English in the wars of the fifteenth century, claimed Lorraine to the line of the Meuse, and this border region was the battlefield of both parties. Its inhabitants suffered from both sides and were the subjects of neither. The people of Domremy, however, took part with Charles VII. of France, and the children of this village fought with the children of a neighboring village, who were in favor of Burgundy. In 1428, when Jeanne was about sixteen years old, the village of Domremy was ravaged by a party of Burgundians, and the inhabitants were forced to fly to the neighboring walled town of Neufchâteau. Jeanne took refuge there for five days with her father and mother, living at an inn.

In such situations as these, people became thoughtful and poetic, of which the minstrelsy of the Scottish border affords a proof; and even the peasantry often take a strong interest in national affairs.

The father of Jeanne was a poor man, having only sheep and cattle. He had five children, three sons and two daughters.

Jeanne never learned to read or write; she usually made two crosses at the top of the letters she dictated. She was taught to sew and spin, to repeat the Pater Noster and the Credo. The depositions contained in the "Process of Revision" all testify that she was simple, chaste, modest, patient, charitable, and pious. "I would that God had given me as good a daughter as she was," said one. The commissioner sent by the English to Domremy to inquire into her early life reported that he could learn nothing which he would not have wished to find in that of his own sister.

Jeanne worked in the field with her father, ploughing, weeding, harvesting, and also watched the sheep. At home she spun and helped in the household work, and, when she had no work to do, she was found kneeling in the village church.

While in the fields, whenever the church bell rang, she knelt and prayed. The bell-ringer not always being punctual, she reproached him for it, and promised him money if he would be more exact. A girl, Hauviette, her companion from childhood, thus testifies, "Many's the time I have been at her father's: she was a good girl, simple and gentle."

A laboring man who was examined said she used to tend the sick and give to the poor. "I know it well," he said, "I was a child then, and she tended me."

Her soul was nourished by prayer and the contemplation of nature. From her father's door she could see the borders of the great oak forest of the Vosges. A beech-tree, so beautiful as to be visited by the country people who danced under its shade, and celebrated as the haunt of fairies, was her favorite resort.

But there was no superstition or gloom in her piety. Being questioned at her trial as to the tree, she said that her godmother told her she saw fairies under it, but she herself never did. Her visions came in midday, in her father's garden or on the blossoming heath, and appeared to her as angels and saints, surrounded by an aureole of light. Of these supernatural appearances, which were seen only by herself, we have of course only her own account, and in speaking of them we shall adhere to this. She never varied from her statements, from first to last. At present we can only say that to her, at least, they were real. Her faith in them was her support amid her trials, the strength by which she overcame obstacles. She first saw these visions in her thirteenth year. One summer's day an extraordinary light appeared to her as she was working in her father's garden, and a voice told her to "be good and trust in

God." She says, in her examination, that she was affrighted, and from that moment consecrated herself as a virgin to God.

Again a vision came to her, while she was keeping sheep alone on the meadows, and this time she saw the figure of an archangel with wings and a very noble air (*un tres vray prudhomme*), with other angels. These figures she saw "with her bodily eyes." St. Michael told her she was to save France, and that she was to go to the aid of King Charles. Jeanne wept. She told the angel she could not mount a horse nor command an army. The angel told her to go to Vaucouleurs and find the captain there, who would send her to the king.

This vision, in which her mission was first revealed to her, was in 1425, when she was only thirteen years old. She did not, however, at first believe that it was Saint Michael. (*Elle fist grande doute si c'estoit Saint Michiel*). The vision was three times repeated, and the angel spoke of "the pity that there was for the kingdom of France" (*pitie qui estoit au royaulme*). After this she saw two female saints, Saint Marguerite and Saint Catherine, who constantly talked to her.

She called them her "Voices." Her respect for them was profound. She kissed the earth where they had stood, and wept, when they had gone, that they had not taken her with them.

But solid and deep natures, though open to impressions and very receptive of influence, are not hastily moved by them. Two or three times a week her Voices spoke to her, telling her she must go and deliver the kingdom. There was a painful struggle in her soul, between her dread of the greatness of the task and its responsibility, and her conscientious sense of duty to submit to this high call.

As she grew up, the beautiful female saints—floating in an atmosphere of light, their heads adorned with crowns, their voices gentle and sweet—continued to visit her, and that more frequently. She declares that she had three counsellors, one of whom remained near her, one came and went, and the third advised with them.

By degrees the conviction became fixed in her mind that she was the person pointed out in the old prophesy of Merlin, current in the country, which declared "that a woman should one day destroy France, and a virgin from the Marches of Lorraine should restore it." With this conviction came a determination of this pure soul to consecrate her life to the work.

And now she had to encounter difficulties. Her father had suspected her state of mind, and was troubled by it. He swore he would rather see her drowned than go off with the soldiers.

He could not understand her state of mind, and the prophet had no honor in her father's house. Her hardest trial was to choose whether to disobey her parents or the heavenly monitors.

They tried to keep her at home by a trick. A young man cited her before the Bishop's court at Toul, alleging that she had promised to marry him; but she went to Toul, and easily convinced the officials there that the assertion was false.

Determined now on going to Vaucouleurs, she obtained permission to visit an uncle and stay a few days with him. He was named Durand Laxart, and lived at the village of Petit Bury.

He was her first convert, and at her request went to ask the captain, Baudricourt, to send her to the king; but the captain thought it all nonsense, and told the old man he had been made a fool of by his niece, and had better go home and give her a good slapping (*dare ei vapulas*). This view of the subject staggered the feeble faith of the uncle, and he went back and communicated it to Jeanne; but she induced him to take her to see the captain at Vaucouleurs, and, though she had no argument to use besides her own strong conviction and her evident piety, these at last broke down the resistance of the somewhat coarse-minded captain, who ended by sending her with an escort of seven men to the king at Chinon, with a pass from Charles, Duke of Lorraine.

It was in February, 1429, when she was seventeen years old, that she departed on this mission. She was to cross France through a country overrun by armed bodies of soldiers of both parties, where there was neither road nor bridge, without female attendant,—a perilous journey of about two hundred and fifty miles; but this pure-minded girl, full of faith, apprehended no danger and found none.

She adopted, indeed, as a protection, a soldier's dress, which she did not lay aside until after her capture and imprisonment.

She perhaps felt justified in this by having heard, in the "Golden Legend," that her patroness, Saint Marguerite, had also assumed this dress in an emergency. But the purity of her soul was the best protection: there was an atmosphere of awe and religion around her. The inhabitants of Vaucouleurs gave her this dress. Baudricourt gave her a sword. Uncle Laxart and another villager bought her a horse for sixteen francs.

The people of Vaucouleurs followed her out of the town with good wishes, so much had her piety and sweetness touched all hearts.

A knight and a squire took charge of her escort, and one of her brothers was of the party. They were full of doubts and suspicions, and some of her guard were once half inclined to throw her into a quarry as a sorceress; but she, calm and serene, constantly assuring them that they should reach the Dauphin in safety,—desiring to stop at every village to hear mass, no matter how great might be the peril,—gradually impressed them with the same serene confidence. "Fear nothing," said she, quite at her ease. "God clears the way for me. For this I was born." It seemed almost a miracle when they found themselves at their journey's end in eleven days from its commencement.

And now how is she to persuade the king to trust himself, his cause, and his armies to the guidance of a poor peasant girl? Her faith will remove this mountain also. While the king is hesitating whether he will even admit her to an audience, she is deciding the question by the impression which, as at Vaucouleurs, she makes on all who approach her. Her confident words, her fervent and unceasing prayers, her frequent communions, her fastings, the holiness of her life, her sweetness, simplicity, modesty, and good sense, created a movement in the public mind which few were able to resist. After deliberating three days, the king consented to see her. Perhaps if his affairs had been less desperate, he would have refused; but even this straw of hope seemed something to cling to in his drowning condition. Moreover, in overcoming the first and lesser difficulties, she continually accumulated more force by which to overcome subsequent and greater ones. Thus the mere fact that she had been able to come to him through such dangers encouraged the king to believe in her. Her hopeful and confident promises of relieving Orleans, uttered on the journey, had been carried by rumor to the besieged in that city, and Dunois, the commander, sent to the king to inquire what these rumors meant. Thus an influence seemed to flow out from her own deep faith to create a prestige, an enthusiasm in other minds.

In order to prove her power, the king, when he admitted her to an audience, mingled with his courtiers; but she went directly to him, and, though he denied that he was the king, she was not confused. "Gentle Dauphin," said she, "my name is Jeanne la Pucelle. I come from the King of Heaven to tell you that you are the lawful heir of France, son of the king, and that I am to deliver Orleans, and then take you to Reims, to be crowned King of France."

It is also reported by several witnesses that she told the king what was known only to himself and God,—that recently in his oratory he had prayed (but without speaking aloud) that, if he were the true heir to the crown, might he regain his kingdom, but, if not, that he might at least escape in safety to Spain or Scotland.

Jeanne was at this time, in March, 1428, over seventeen years of age. She was handsome, of a fine figure, tall, and had a sweet and penetrating voice. Many were for at once confiding in her, among them the Duke d'Alençon and the nobles from Lorraine; but there were older and more cautious statesmen who wished for more proof. So it was decided to send her to Poitiers, where were the Parliament and a university, and to consult the doctors and theologians, as well as the wisest of the civilians there assembled.

Here was a new trial. The spirit was now to be examined and judged by the letter. She felt that it would be a hard struggle, but she knew that she would surmount it. "I know well that I shall have hard work to do at Poitiers, but my Master will aid me. Let us go, then, in God's name."

It is very beautiful to see how she evaded the difficulties, overcame the objections, and quietly put aside the learned cavils of these doctors by her answers. They first asked her what signs she had to show them to prove her mission. "I have not come to Poitiers to show a sign. Give me some men-at-arms, and lead me to Orleans, and I will then show you signs. The sign I am to give is to raise the siege of Orleans."

"But," objected one; "if God wished to deliver the city, he could do it without soldiers." "The soldiers will fight, and God will give them the victory," replied she; and what more can the profoundest thinker say of the connection between the use of means and results?

Brother Seguin of Limousin, a very sour man (*bien aigre*), asked her, in his provincial dialect, in what idiom her angels spoke. "In a better idiom than yours," was her answer. "Do you believe in God?" said he, rather angrily. "I have more faith in God than you have," replied La Pucelle; and the sharp man, who might have troubled her, was silenced.

But still the doctors went on with their examinations, asking endless questions, and suggesting a multitude of learned difficulties.

"Why do you ask me all these things?" said she. "I do not know even my a, b, c; but I have come, by God's command, to raise the siege of Orleans and crown the king."

The doctors, having nothing more to say, finally decided in her favor, influenced thereto somewhat by the great reverence she had inspired among the people of Poitiers, as before at Chinon and Vaucouleurs, by her holiness and piety. Jacques Gelu, Archbishop of Embrun, also took the same ground in a treatise composed in answer to questions proposed to him.

The devil was believed to have no power over a virgin. As her power, therefore, could not be from beneath, it was logically from above.

The king then gave her an establishment. A wise and brave counsellor of the king was to attend her as esquire. She had two pages, two heralds, a chaplain, valets, and guards. "It was beautiful to see her," says Guy de Laval in a letter to his mother, "in white armor, sitting upon a black horse, with a small axe in her hand." The Voices had told her to send for an old sword, marked with five crosses, which was behind the altar in the chapel of St. Catherin de Fierbois. The armorer went, and, among a heap of old weapons formerly given to the chapel, and which lay near the altar, such a sword was found.

But what she loved most was her standard, which had been made of white covered with *fleur-de-lis*. On one side was represented the Saviour, seated on the clouds of heaven, with angels adoring him. On the other side was written *Jhesus Maria*.

This standard she always carried in the midst of battle, seldom using her sword; for she said she did not wish to kill any one, and, though she loved her sword, she loved her standard forty times more.

The men of whom she now took command were almost as savage as wild beasts, but she soon tamed them. She sent all bad women out of the camp. She made these brigands confess and leave off swearing. La Hire, who had feared neither God nor man, no longer ventured to utter an oath; but Jeanne, seeing his embarrassment for want of his accustomed expletives, allowed him sometimes to swear by his staff. "The devils," say Michelet, "had been changed into little saints." As they marched, in the beautiful spring weather, along the banks of the Loire, from Blois to Orleans, she had an altar erected in the open air, where they all communed. A generous ardor, a pure hope, had made them young again,—had broken through the crust of evil habit and sin, and allowed some ray of love to warm their hearts.

At night she lay down in her armor. She knew not fear. She wished to go up on the side of the river where the English had built their bastilles, or forts, around the city. Struck by a strange awe, the English did not oppose her entering the place, which she did on the 29th of April; and in eight days from that time she drove the English from the city, which they had been investing for eight months.—*"Events and Epochs" in Religious History.*

(*To be continued.*)

MACK, THE PARROT.

Mack made a little call the other day on a lady who has been confined to her room with illness, and wished she could see "that darling bird." As Mack and I entered the door, we encountered Tony, the dog, who has only a bowing acquaintance with Mack. Tony welcomed him by rubbing his nose against the parrot's cage. Mrs. M. remonstrated with Tony, chaining him in the kitchen, while she received Mack in the sitting-room. Tony began to cry wofully at being shut out, and Mack would have responded at once had it not been for a tall stove which caught his attention. He had never seen one, and was justly mystified, until I explained that Mrs. M. needed a fire as much as he did, and the fire was in that stove. Assured on this point, he directed his attention to the dog, wondering why he would not come in. I explained that Mrs. M. wished him to stay out there for a while, whereupon Mack looked pityingly out at the dog, and said,—

"I'se sorwy."

One day Mack and I were in the house alone, and we took occasion to make as much noise as possible. After a while he bethought himself of his daily toilet, and gave one cross shriek which meant. "Stop! I wish to be quiet." I stopped, and there was a dead silence. Seeming to feel this, he looked up quickly with his "I'se sorwy."

"Oh, never mind, Mackie! I was making too much noise, and I'm glad that you stopped me."

Whereupon his whole aspect changed, and he went on preening his wings contentedly.

At times he seems to have a power of telepathy. For weeks he had not been out on the piazza, the winds were so cold. As I was going by his cage, the thought crossed my mind, "Perhaps Mack might go out if his cage were somewhat covered over." Instantly he said,—

"Mackie go out-doors," and he went.

Once, when about to sneeze, he exclaimed: "Now I'm going to *laugh!*"

One morning, in a fateful tone, he said slowly,—

"Must *pet* the little boy!"

"Yes, Mack, I'll get you some peanuts. Oh! the peanuts are almost gone!"

"Tluck! tluck!" said Mack, as if deprecating the fact. Then, changing his tone, declared,—

"I don't care about it!"

When he, unfortunately, wakes up too early, I sometimes bring him upstairs to my room. He does not seem quite happy over this kind of an opening of the day, and one morning asked:—

"Can I go home? Can I have a fire?"

Recently he seems to have learned that it is better for him to take a second nap than to enter upon a cold morning's experience before the furnace has been attended to. It is "Live and Learn" with birds, as with mortals. —*Helen M. Knowlton.*

RARITY OF HYDROPHOBIA.

At a discussion on the subject at a meeting of the clinical society of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School, Dr. F. B. St. John Rossa presided, and said that the medical profession should take action upon the vexed question of hydrophobia. He had large experience with dogs, and had seen them with symptoms which were pronounced by the books as hydrophobia, and the dogs had recovered, and people who were bitten by them showed no signs of hydrophobia.

Dr. W. A. Hammond said all stories about persons being bitten by mad dogs and having disease years afterwards are untrue. He had seen several cases of hydrophobia from fear. The dog should be kept until the symptoms of rabies appeared, and not killed at once, as is usually done: it will die in nine days if it has the disease. Bites through clothing are harmless. Dr. Hammond had *no confidence in Pasteur's methods. He did not believe that hydrophobia could be caused by inoculation any more than lockjaw.* In the four cases from Newark, New Jersey, which Pasteur treated, there is no proof that the dog was mad that bit them. The same dog also bit four other dogs and two children, and they are all free from the symptoms of the disease.

Dr. A. H. Smith said that he had seen three cases said to be hydrophobia, but he did not believe they were genuine. He claimed that persons bitten by dogs could bring on a disease which would kill simply by the effect of the imagination, without any virus being in the body. All scares that come up periodically from the supposed appearance of hydrophobia are without foundation.

A hydrophobia caused by fear was what Dr. T. E. Satterthwaite believed in. Out of the 9,000 cases of sickness at the Pennsylvania hospital there was only one case of hydrophobia, and the post mortem in this case did not show the evidence of the disease. The spinal cord of this patient is now shown in lectures as a healthy cord. One doctor said that the man died of alcoholic poisoning.

Dr. Rossa said that all unite in saying that hydrophobia is rare. Hydrophobia is yet to be made up from the beginning. He hunted down one case of hydrophobia and found it to be caries of the spine. *He didn't believe in muzzling dogs,* and ridiculed the idea of preventing the disease in this manner.—*Our Day, Chicago.*

A GREEN MEMORY ABOUT A GREEN LEAF.

It was a burning hot day in July. The rails fairly groaned and creaked as the fierce sun forced them closer and closer together. The switch lever almost scorched the hand when one took hold of it to throw the switch.

It was a very busy day. Trains were hurrying in all directions, and it was necessary to stand at the switch and keep a sharp lookout. As I stood there ready for the next train, I happened to look down at the rails near my feet, and I noticed a large brown caterpillar running hurriedly along the flange of the rail. He would only run about a foot and then stop, as though he were out of breath. Then he would try to climb up the rail so as to get to the other side, where he would be in the shade; but, finding he could not manage this, he would drop down again and make another run for a short distance, and again try to get over the rail. I knew the hot steel must be painful to his many feet, and, when a spare moment came, I got a shaving near by, and, placing it in front of him as he ran along, he ran on to it. Then I carried him around in the shade of the switch-house. Seeing a green dandelion leaf, I held the shaving close beside it, when he ran eagerly on to the leaf and began to eat. While he was eating he looked up, as though to find out how he came to pastures green, and I thought he nodded his head,—but I might have been mistaken.

The day was one to test the nerves and try the patience; but, as I went home at night tired and faint, I felt that it was not altogether a failure.

Some one has said that kind deeds are the

fireside at which the memory takes repose, and, if so, we may all to-day lay up in store the fuel that will make bright, warm fires by and by. Youth is the time to be making sweet memories for old age to enjoy. Shall we do it?—*William Harker.*

THE SPARROW.

Poor little sparrow, can it be
We wish you sent to Coventry?
If all is true that I have heard,
I fear you are a naughty bird.

But I am touched by your disgrace,
And shall be glad if I can trace
Some virtue that will compensate
For your unenviable estate.

You homely little ball of brown,
Why should we on your nature frown,
If like the wren you cannot be
The phœbe-bird or chickadee,

The robin or the bobolink?
You're not to blame for this, I think:
They simply act their nature out,
And you are doing this no doubt.

When other birds have flown away,
You little sparrows always stay;
Then as you chirp out in the cold,
No one complains you are too bold.

Ah, little bird, of adverse fame,
The Holy Book records your name;
And shall we deem your value small,
When the All-Father notes your fall?

We know He loves the birds of song,
And all the brilliant feathered throng,
But, as you are of low degree,
God mentions you especially.
—*Ruth Adams, in Our Dumb Animals.*

"Look on other lives beside your own. See what their troubles are, and how they are borne. Try to care about something in this vast world besides the gratification of small selfish desires. Try to care for what is best in thought and action,—something that is good apart from the accidents of your own lot."—*George Eliot.*

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

MINOR FORMS OF DISHONESTY.

We have spoken in this number already of the faults of children in appropriating for their own use, for noisy games, rooms or hall-ways which are really intended for another purpose, although the fault rests chiefly with the parents.

It is by no means children or the parents of children who lack the sense of *meum* and *tuum* in this respect. I have heard Americans who have lived abroad some time speak of their mortification at the behavior of other Americans who are living in apartment houses in foreign towns. It is an unwritten law in France and elsewhere that no one should converse while walking through the hall-ways and up and down the staircases of an apartment house, but Americans have the reputation (among other bad habits attributed to them) of recklessly disregarding this rule for which the reason is obvious. The staircases and passages being common property, it is not considered right to appropriate them for personal use.

In England a very strange breach of the laws of honesty prevails. Certain carriages on the trains are supposed to be reserved for smokers. In the United States a railroad car which is marked "Smoking" is of course reserved exclusively for the use of men. No woman ever sits in it. In England, if a woman is travelling with her husband, she frequently sits in the smoking car with him, in case he prefers a seat there, thereby sometimes depriving a man of a place to which he has a right. These railway carriages have sometimes only six seats in them. I have known an instance where an American gentleman, who happened to be in a non-smoking carriage with his wife, left it for a time to take a cigar in the smoking carriage near by, but came back again directly, reporting that there was no place for him there, as a gentleman and his wife had taken possession of the whole carriage, occupying two of the seats and filling the rest with their luggage. An English lady once said to me, "When I travel with my husband, I go and sit with him in the smoking car." I answered promptly, "You have no right to do so, for you are taking possession of a seat that belongs to a man, and perhaps keeping him out."

On the other hand there are men who appropriate rooms or vehicles which are the common property of the public, and use them as smoking rooms, without the least regard to the rights of the owners or the purpose for which such rooms were intended. I am not speaking now of the ill-breeding or selfishness of such persons, but of their dishonesty. There are places where a man has a right to smoke, if he chooses,—on his own piazza, in his own carriage, even in his own dining-room. It may or may not be discourteous. It may or may not be selfish or ill-bred. It may or may not be a habit that he carries to excess, and so bad for his health. But it is not an invasion of the rights of others.

But on other occasions and in public

places it is a form of dishonesty, for he thus appropriates to a personal end something which does not belong to him personally, and in a manner which infringes on the rights of those who have an equal share in the property. Here are one or two instances.

A lady who was present at a meeting of a scientific association in a public hall had seated herself in one part of the room, for the convenience of being near an adjoining room where she had charge of an exhibit which made it necessary for her to leave the lecture-room a few minutes before the end of the meeting. Two men came in, and sitting down near her, took out cigars. One of them, looking around at her, said in a loud voice, "*Ladies* can sit on the other side." He acted as if the whole room were his private property, and he could decide where the other members of the association should sit. As a matter of fact this lady was greatly inconvenienced, as she was obliged to walk much farther in leaving the meeting, and to lose a part of the last address. Of course the man did not know that, but he had no right to take possession of the room, intended primarily for another purpose, and turn it into a private apartment for his own use.

Another instance is that which involved a painful experience of a hospitable lady who was asked to help entertain the members of a conference. The gentleman who was her guest, without asking her permission, smoked all over the house everywhere he went, thus using it as his personal property. Most persons would be shocked at the discourtesy and selfishness of such a course. I call attention to the dishonesty.

By another unwritten law, in the United States at least, smoking is forbidden in public conveyances, except in railroad cars especially devoted to that purpose. It is also occasionally modified, as in the open cars of the street railways, where it is allowed in the three back seats of the car. The rights of the public to be transported in such conveyances without being nauseated by tobacco smoke are regarded as primary. In Europe it is otherwise. There men smoke in all public conveyances, excepting in those reserved for non-smokers, and even in these there is often an odor of stale tobacco smoke, for the car has merely been transformed from a smoker to a non-smoker by hanging a label upon it. I knew of a lady whose excursion up Mt. Rigi was spoiled by the smoking of two men in the seat in front of her, by which she was nauseated.

On another occasion a lady was travelling by night train in a sleeping-car from Innsbruck to Paris. She found that a man had seated himself exactly outside her door in the corridor of the train, and was smoking without any regard to the comfort of the other passengers. Her door, of course, was closed, but the upper part of it was furnished with slats like a blind which freely admitted the smoke. There was no way of closing the top, and, when she asked the porter whether it was permitted to smoke in the corridors, he answered, "Until eleven o'clock," as if no one could be nauseated by tobacco smoke except after eleven.

It seems desirable that every one who has the habit of smoking should ask himself, "Am I, by indulging myself at this time or place, infringing on the rights of others, and appropriating something for my private, personal use which is common property, and which I cannot use for this object without injuring or defrauding other men and women?"

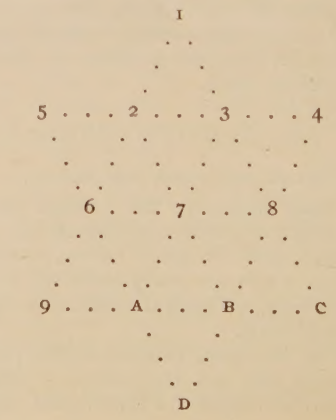
I leave it to others to discuss this matter from the hygienic standpoint, or from the side of discourtesy and selfishness. I have thought it worth while to call attention to it on the side of dishonesty. L. F. C.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

JULY STAR.



1 to 2, a signer of the Declaration of Independence from Massachusetts. 1 to 3, sedate. 3 to 2, a Confederate general. 5 to 2, a United States Admiral, now living. 3 to 4, finished. 6 to 5, efficacious. 6 to 2, an American thrush. 7 to 2, foolish. 7 to 3, a signer from Maryland. 8 to 3, a fireplace. 8 to 4, magnificent. 6 to 8, a battle of the Civil War, fought July 4. 6 to 9, a she-fox. 9 to A, heard on July 4. 6 to A, worth. 7 to A, to glisten. B to 7, a battleship in the July, 1898, battle of Santiago Bay. 8 to B, a Federal general in the Civil War, who died in July. B to C, the whole. 8 to C, an instrument used by a presiding officer. A to B, an English novelist. D to A, a signer from Massachusetts. D to B, to aim.

—*The American Boy.*

II.

ABOUT THE PRESIDENTS.

(The short word used in each sentence is taken bodily, without transposing, from the name of the President given in the sentence.)

1. ********* was a ***** headed man.
2. ******** a race with the Confederates.
3. ********** did not cut down an *** tree.
4. ******* lived ** Illinois.
5. ***** may have built a *** across the river.
6. ****** did not stand ** the burning deck.
7. ******** now in heaven.
8. ******** gave ** answer that was good.
9. ******** worked in the ***** in his youth.
10. ******** was no *** to me.
11. ********* was the *** of his father.
12. ****** sometimes ate mince ***.
13. ****** may have studied ***, but I doubt it.
14. **** went *** on the ship.
15. ******* might have been called ****.
16. ******** will never **** the President's chair again.
17. ***** said simply *** or no.

—*The Wellspring.*

III.

METAMORPHOSES.

The problem is to change one given word to another by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters always in the same order.

Example: Change vale to hill in three moves.

Answer: Vale, hale, hall, hill.

In the same way change: 1. Fiber to paper in seven words. 2. Grate to stove in seven moves. 3. Lead to pipe in eight moves. 4. Lamp to wick in six moves. 5. Crust to bread in seven moves. 6. Wolf to bear in seven moves. 7. Serf to free in ten moves. 8. Paper to slate in ten moves. 9. North to South in seven moves. 10. Cake to pies in six moves.

—*St. Nicholas.*

IV.

A ZIGZAD.

* . . .
. * . .
. . * .
. . . *
. . * .
. * . .
* . . .
. * . .
. . * .
. . . *

All the words contain the same number of letters, and, when rightly guessed and written one below the other, the path marked by the stars will spell the name of one of the constellations.

1. A fresh water herbivorous fish.
2. A synonym for a poet.
3. A point of the compass.
4. A fish.
5. To defile.
6. An aquatic bird.
7. An agreement.
8. A metal.
9. To send forth.
10. A girl's name.

Answers to puzzles in the June number.

I. TRIFLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Garfield, Van Buren, McKinley.

II. SUGGESTIONS.—1. Theseus and Ariadne. 2. Noah. 3. Proserpine. 4. Bluebeard.

III. ADDITIONS.—1. Are-care. 2. Ace-dace. 3. End-vend. 4. Arch-March. 5. Air-lair.

IV. CHANGED INITIALS.—Bear, hear, dear, fear, gear, near.

V. HALF-SQUARE.—A J A X
J E T
A T
X

In Answers to a Musical Love Story in the May number, No. 21 should have read, "Everybody gives me good Adice" instead of "Everybody gives me good Advice."

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins, or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. GEORGE G. SAVILLE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be no meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange during the summer. Notice will be given of the first meeting in the autumn.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Walter G. Leith, 6 Ashton Place, Cambridge, Mass.

The Home Study Work of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. George G. Saville, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.